By the way, the Hogarth Bros want you to write another pamphlet.

52 Tavistock Sq
WC1.
Sunday
March
29th

Will you?

My dear Edith,

I'm not going to write to you about your poems — I'm going to talk to you about them. They interest me greatly: I dip in & pick up something that makes me spend 20 minutes staring at the fire, inventing theories about you. Are you changing? Then where are you going? And what sort of loveliness are you reaching down from your strange & very high trees? I ask merely question; but I warn you,

there are many more to come, more
intelligent than these, I hope to Heaven,
for I am only dipping into you as yet: I've
been rather wretched ever since I saw you
with a temperature caused by typhoid
inoculation. This leaves me no
vigour of mind, so I dont pretend to mind
you. I shall, though. When you
will come & talk to me I hope.
I will talk to you for hours about
your poetry. Will that little
grocer Gosse went about you? In a
rage, I cancelled his paper: but I wish I
had seen what he said -

NYPL

I did enjoy your visit the other day.
I hope you will come & see me again.
It would be a great pleasure.
Of course you are a good poet: but I
can't think why. The reason may
strike me in Sicily.

Yrs. WW.

FELDMAN 2/5/69